



PUBLIC HALL, PRESTON.

Grand

Charity Concert

Arranged by The Rev. Father T. Kelly, S.J.,

in aid of

✿ THE SOCIETY OF ✿
ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

Under the Distinguished Patronage of
The Rt. Hon. The EARL OF DERBY,
K.C.V.O., C.B.; His Worship the Mayor
of Preston; and other distinguished
Ladies and Gentlemen of the County. ✿

Wednesday, January 26,

at 7.30 p.m.

[1909]



Book of Words, Threepence.

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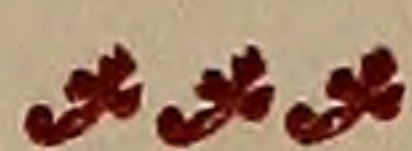
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Councillor W. Worden.

Rev. J. H. Wright.

PROGRAMME.



Recit. and Aria - "Lascia ch'io pianga" (*Rinaldo*) - *Handel*
Miss EILEEN PRICE.

Pianoforte Soli - (a) Intermezzo in E flat } - *Brahms*
(b) Rhapsody in G minor }
Miss HILDA SAXE.

Song - "Una voce poco fà" (*Il Barbiere*) - *Rossini*
MADAME LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

Songs - (a) "Possenti Numi" (*Il Flauto Magico*) - *Mozart*
(b) Vulcan's Song (*Philémon et Baucis*) - *Gounod*
MR. WARD COWDERY.

Violin Solo - "Trille du Diable" Sonata - *Tartini*
Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

→% INTERVAL. %←

Pianoforte Solo - Scherzo in B flat minor - *Chopin*
Miss HILDA SAXE.

Songs - (a) "Cherry Ripe" - *Horn*
(b) "Will niemand singen" - *Hildach*
MADAME LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

Violin Soli - (a) Nocturne - *Chopin*
(b) Habanera - *Sarasate*
Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

Songs (a) The Meeting of the Waters } (*Moore's Melodies*) Arr. by C. Villiers Stanford
(b) "Avenging and bright" }
Miss EILEEN PRICE.

Songs - (a) Eily - *Vannah*
(b) Waltz Song - *German*
MADAME LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

Song - "England, my England" - *A. Herbert Brewer*
(Composed for the Worcester Festival, 1908)
MR. WARD COWDERY.

STEINWAY GRAND PIANOFORTE.
Agents—J. Norwood & Sons, 85 Fishergate, Preston.

PROGRAMME AND WORDS.



Recit. and Aria

"Lascia ch'io pianga" (*Rinaldo*)

Handel

Miss EILEEN PRICE.

RECIT.

Armida, dispietata, colla forza d'abisso,
Rapimmi al caro ciel de' miei contenti,
E qui, con duolo eterno,
Viva mi tiene in tormento d'inferno.
Signor, deh! per pietà, lascia mi piangere.

English Version.

Armida, cruel sorc'ress, in her mighty resentment,
Has brought me from my heaven of sweet contentment,
My grief doth seem eternal—
Slave, she detains me in torment infernal!
O Heav'n, for pity's sake let this poor heart soon
break!

ARIA.

Lascia ch'io pianga la cruda sorte,
E che sospiri la libertà.
Il duolo infranga questi ritorte,
De' miei martiri, sol per pietà.
Lascia ch'io pianga, etc.

Weeping for ever my lot so dreary,
I pray Heaven only to set me free.
Could I but sever these chains so weary,
E'en poor and lonely, blest I should be!

Pianoforte Soli

(a) Intermezzo in E flat

(b) Rhapsody in G minor

Brahms

Miss HILDA SAXE.

Song

"Una voce poco fa" (*Il Barbiere*)

Rossini

MADAME LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

English Version.

Una voce poco fa
Qui nel cor mi risuonò;
Il mio cor ferito è già,
E Lindoro fù che il piagò.

Though his voice was breathed afar,
To this heart it sent a throe;
Little heart, how weak you are
That a song could thrill you so!

Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
Lo giurai, la vincerò.
Il tutor ricuserà;
Io l'ingegnerò.

Yes, before us melts each bar;
I have sworn it—no fragile vow:
All my guardian's plan to mar,
I a woman's wit will show.

Alla fin s'accheterà
E contenta io resterò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
Lo giurai, la vincerò.

He'll consent when wed we are,
Then with bliss my soul shall glow,
I and Lindor break each bar;
Hear me swear it—no fragile vow.

Io sono docile, son rispettosa!
Sono obbediente, dolce, amorosa,
Mi lascio reggere mi fò guidar.
Ma se mi toccano dov'è il mio debole,
Sarò una vipera, sarò e cento trappole,
Prima di cedere, farò giocar.

On me should kindly love bestow correction
In gentle breathing of fond affection,
No leaf so pliable adorns the field.
But if cold tyranny's cold blast assaileth me,
It falls—most impotent it falls; no measure
faileth me.
To gain the victory I never yield.

Songs - - (a) "Possenti Numi" (*Il Flauto Magico*) - - Mozart
 (b) Vulcan's Song (*Philémon et Baucis*) - - Gounod

MR. WARD COWDERY.

(a) "POSSENTI NUMI."

Possenti Numi, Iside, Osiri,
 Date à que' petti senno e valor
 I vostri lumi la coppia miri,
 E non l'alletti ombra d'error.

Del bel sentier giunga alla meta,
 O se a lei, fier destin lo vieta,
 Virtude in sen d'eterna pace,
 La coppia audace accolga almen.

English Version.

O Isis and Osiris, guide them!
 Send down thy spirit on the pair;
 Still, all their wandering steps directing,
 Fit them our solemn rites to share.

Bid them endure through dangers low'ring;
 Shield them in trial's hour o'erpow'ring.
 Oh, let thy mercy be their guard;
 Ever their virtue's rich reward.

(b) VULCAN'S SONG.

Au bruit des lourds marteaux d'airain,
 Au sombre éclat de la fournaise,
 Dans mon empire souterrain,
 Je marche et je respire à l'aise.

Je règne en maître souverain.
 Mais chez vous, j'en ai honte,
 Chaque fois que j'y monte
 J'enrage de me voir
 Si difforme et si noir,
 Mon aspect vous fait rire,
 Et tout bas j'entends dire:
 "Vénus n'avait pas tort,
 Il mérite son sort."
 Sans écouter le reste
 Loin du séjour céleste
 Moi, je fuis: voilà pourquoi
 J'aime à rester chez moi.

Sous les monts fermés au ciel bleu,
 Je commande à toute une armée
 De noirs géants, maîtres du feu,
 Au sein de l'ardente fumée.
 Comme vous, là-haut, je suis Dieu!
 Mais quand Junon m'invite,
 A lui rendre visite,
 J'enrage de me voir, etc., etc.

English Version.

Where heavy hammers loud resound,
 And furnace-fires are roaring loudly,
 In mine own empire underground
 I bear myself at ease and proudly.
 A sov'reign ruler there I'm found!
 But when above I visit,
 The anguish is exquisite
 To know myself a fright,
 Deformed and black as night.
 Laughingly thou dost behold me;
 Whisp'ring low, sharp ears have told me:
 "Fair Venus him well served,
 He hath his fate deserved."
 Much more they may decry me,
 But far away I hie me.
 And that is why I seldom roam,
 Preferring much to stay at home.

In caves, where daylight's never seen,
 Of mighty hosts I'm lord and master:
 Grim giants black and fierce, I ween,
 Who toil where fires burn fast and faster.
 'Tis there I reign a king serene!
 When Juno, Queen, I visit, etc.

Joseph Bennett.

Violin Solo - - "Trille du Diable" Sonata - - Tartini

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.

Pianoforte Solo - - Scherzo in B flat minor - - Chopin

MISS HILDA SAXE.

Songs - - (a) "Cherry ripe" - - Horn
 (b) "Will niemand singen" - - Hildach

MADAME LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

(a) "CHERRY RIPE."

"Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe," I cry;
 "Full and fair ones—come and buy."

If so be you ask me where
 They do grow, I answer: "There,
 Where my Julia's lips do smile,
 There's the land of Cherry-isle,
 There plantations fully show
 All the year where cherries grow."
 "Cherry ripe," etc.

Violin Solos

(a) Nocturne

Chopin

(b) Habanera

Sarasate

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

Songs

(a) The Meeting of the Waters } (Moore's Melodies) Arr. by C. Villiers Stanford
(b) "Avenging and bright"

Miss EILEEN PRICE.

(a) THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet and rill—
Oh no! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were
near,
Who made ev'ry scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature
improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.
Thomas Moore.

(b) "AVENGING AND BRIGHT."

Avenging and bright falls the swift sword of Erin
On him who the brave sons of Usna betrayed!
For every fond eye he hath wakened a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud that hung over Connor's dark dwelling,
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war which so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore,

We swear to revenge them! No joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall be wasted,
Till vengeance is wreaked on the murderer's head.

Yes, monarch! Tho' sweet are our home recollections,
Tho' sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall,
Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

Thomas Moore.

Songs

(a) Eily

Vannah

(b) Waltz Song

German

MADAME LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

Song

- "England, my England" -

A. Herbert Brewer

(Composed for the Worcester Festival, 1908.)

MR. WARD COWDERY.

What have I done for you,
 England, my England?
 What is there I would not do,
 England, my own?
 With your glorious eyes austere,
 As the Lord were walking near,
 Whispering terrible things and dear
 As the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the world on your bugles blown.
 Where shall the watchful Sun,
 England, my England,
 Match the master-work you've done,
 England, my own?
 When shall he rejoice again
 Such a breed of mighty men
 As come forward, one to ten,
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Down the years on your bugles blown?
 Ever the faith endures,
 England, my England!
 Take and break us: we are yours,
 England, my own!
 Life is good, and joy runs high
 Between English earth and sky!
 Death is death; but we shall die
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 To the stars on your bugles blown!
 They call you proud and hard,
 England, my England—
 You with worlds to watch and ward,
 England, my own!
 You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
 Of such teeming destinies,
 You could know nor dread nor ease,
 Were the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the pit on your bugles blown!
 Mother of ships whose might,
 England, my England,
 Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
 England, my own,
 Chosen daughter of the Lord,
 Spouse-in-chief of the ancient Sword,
 There's the menace of the Word
 In the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

W. E. Henley.

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